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Grace Fallow Norton

Saint John pointed out to me
Lotus-buds on my oak-tree!

And then a partridge whirred in the wood,
Fluttering lame as a partridge should.
Partridge turned to a paradise-bird,
Uttering ecstasy word by word,

Till smoke of the chimney writhed, withdrew,
And sowed a seed, and rose and flew!
(I lived in that house four years and a week;
Well I know whereof I speak.)

Smoke-seed grew to a tree of flame!
O fire-tree! Red-flowering shame!
Devouring my dear house branch and root!
Now I have eaten of one more fruit

*Was it too happy, was it too high—
My little house close to the sky?
Was it too useful, was it too good—
My little house beside the wood?*

OR DID YOU LOVE DEATH?

I got your love, lying
Candles at my head.
I got your love, dying,
White on my bed.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

By your love gifted,
My life saw its span.
By my love lifted,
I rose and I ran.

I lost your love, living!
(O stinging sunshine!)
I lost your love, striving
For bread and for wine!

Was it love, crying
Farewell with faint breath?
Did you love me dying?
Or did you love death?

Grace Fallow Norton

MY YEARS

My years fall softly,
Softly,
Like petals of a rose,
And leave me
A barren withered stalk
That dangles in the winds.

Paul Eldridge